

*[See duplicate ending from this point on the next  
pagest]*

127.

Away, TERPSICHORE ! light Muse, away ! And  
come, URANIA ! Prophetess divine ! Come,  
Muse of Heaven ! my burning thirst allay !  
Even now, for want of sacred drink, I pine!  
In heavenly moisture, dip this pen of mine !  
And let my mouth with nectar overflow!  
For I must more than mortal glory  
show!

128.

O that I had HOMER'S abundant vein,  
I would hereof another Ilias make !  
Or else the Man of Mantua's charmed  
brain,  
In whose large throat, great JOVE the  
thunder spake !  
O that I could old GEOFFREY'S Muse awake!  
Or borrow COLIN'S fair heroic style!  
Or smooth my rhymes with *DELIA'S*  
servant's file!

129.

O could I, sweet Companion ! sing like you !  
Which of a *Shadow*, under a shadow sing!  
Or like fair SALVES' sad lover true !  
Or like the Bay, the mangold's darling,  
Whose sudden verse, Love covers with his  
wings ! O that your brains were mingled  
all with mine, T'enlarge my Wit for this  
great work divine !

130.

Yet ASTROPHEL (might one for all suffice !)  
Whose supple Muse, camelion-like doth  
change Into all forms of excellent device :  
So might the Swallow, whose swift Muse  
doth range Through rare *Id&as* and  
inventions strange; And ever doth enjoy her  
joyful Spring, And Sweeter than the  
Nightingale doth sing !